

Josephine Patrick, Barry Hatten & Red Gibb Oral History
Labor Archives of Washington
University of Washington Libraries Special Collections

JOSEPHINE PATRICK, BARRY HATTEN, RED GIBB
FRIENDS OF CARLOS BULOSAN

NARRATOR: JOSEPHINE PATRICK, BARRY HATTEN, RED GIBB

INTERVIEWER: MARY GIBSON

SUBJECTS: CARLOS BULOSAN; LETTERS; DISCRIMINATION; RACISM; SEATTLE; LONELINESS;
ISOLATION; MENTAL HEALTH; ALCOHOL USE DISORDER; ILWU LOCAL 37

LOCATION: SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

DATE: JUNE 19, 1960

INTERVIEW LENGTH: 00:51:13

FILE NAME: JPBHRG_1960_Audio_acc0581-013.mp3

The Labor Archives of Washington is committed to preserving the voices and stories of individuals who have contributed to the labor movement's rich history. The LAW presents oral history interviews as part of its contribution to helping curate and create access to a broad and inclusive historical record. These interviews contain the personal recollections and opinions of the individuals involved and, therefore, may contain language, ideas or stereotypes that are offensive or harmful to others.

Individual oral histories cannot serve as the sole source of historical information about an institution or event. These narratives do not represent the views of the Labor Archives of Washington, Libraries Special Collections, or the University of Washington, past or present.

[00:00:00] MARY:

I'm testing to see if this thing will work, now. This is a tape recording on the nineteenth of June, 1960 of Barry Hatten and Jo Patrick at Mary Gibson's apartment in Seattle, Washington. Red Gibb is also here. I think I'll begin. [audio interruption] Barry, in these various letters, she asked if it was true that Carlos was in jail. Do you know about that?

[00:00:30] BARRY:

We've been talking about Carlos and how lonely his last year was. And he found alcohol was one of the best ways he could that was ever devised to ease his pain and loneliness. He always told us that after he passed

away, we should get plenty of a drink and all sit around and talk about it, and we sure don't have enough to feel good. We're not doing that today, because all we have is wine, and that reminds me of a story.

When we went, Carlos and I took [?Ramon Concepcion?] as our other passenger to the Peace Arch at Blaine [Washington], where all the people from all over who were interested in peace in Canada and Washington went to Blaine. [?Ramon Concepcion?] was a very small minority within a minority. He was a Visayan, of which there were very few in the county workers. He only weighed about a hundred pounds, and he couldn't speak the Ilocano of dialect, and he'd spent all his life in the United States Navy. He had been quite a drinker, and now that he was retired, that was the only thing left in his life. He was very much discriminated among the better union members, and Carlos was one who used to befriend him. Another that used to befriend him was Chris [Mensalvas], who'd hang us along.

Anyway, we went to Blaine, the Peace Arch, where we had a wonderful meeting. Paul Robeson spoke. All day long, Carlos and I were badgered by [?Ramon?] as to when we were going to get something to drink. On the way back we decided to try and get some. We ran into Chris and he said, "Well, when we get to my house, we're going to have a big party, and we have plenty to drink." So all the way back on the trip to Seattle, [?Ramon?] was saying, "Well, when are we going to get that? When are we going to get something to drink? When are we going to get something to drink? I says, "Well, wait until we get to Chris. He has plenty to drink a plenty to eat." We had no money, so we had nothing to eat all day. Very low. I think we may have had a sandwich or [?plant?] from somebody's picnic lunch.

We finally got back to Chris', and all he had was some rice wine that—what was his name? Cabebe had made.

[00:03:39] MARY:
Victor, yes.

[00:03:39] BARRY:
Victor Cabebe.

[00:03:40] MARY:
Yeah.

[00:03:40] BARRY:
And it was very dry and not very strong, and [?Ramon?] was very disgusted. He took one drink of it, and he says, "Vinegar." [laughs]

Well, this man [?Ramon Concepcion?] used to be around the unions. As a matter of fact, they used to hire him as janitor, and he was there every day. And every day, when they would have the money, they would have something to drink. Different people would bring a bottle in, and everybody would drink. One of the main persons to buy a bottle and the main persons to drink was a very good friend, the secretary of the union, Matias Lagunilla. And one particular Saturday, for some reason or other, everybody had gone somewhere, and there was nobody there, and nobody brought any bottles around, and there was nothing to drink at the union. But they found out that next Monday, as a result of a phone call, that completely independently, [?Ramon Concepcion?] and Matias Lagunilla and Carlos Bulosan and all made their drinks at the same time. And [?Ramon?] was the first guy arrested, and it was about six o'clock in the afternoon. He was the very first guy thrown in the tank, and he hadn't been there more than a half an hour, and the door opened, and they pushed in another guy, and this was Matias Lagunilla. And about an hour later they pushed the third guy in the dirt, and that was Carlos. They had old home week, and none of them had seen each other before that day.

[00:05:26] MARY:

So at least Carlos wasn't lonely in jail.

[00:05:27] BARRY:

So he occasionally eased loneliness with a drink with friends of his who liked to drink.

[00:05:38] MARY:

Red, you met him when he went to your bar, didn't you? Or did you meet him before that?

[00:06:05] RED:

Where did I meet him? I met him through Barry at the time that I was at the [inaudible] _____. Remember? We were talking about him, and then one night I'd read *The Laughter of my Father*, and Barry told me that he knew him. He said, "I've met him around, I'm going to make him acquainted." So he did. So that's how we met, rehearsals. And since then, why, no matter where I was, why Carlos would always come down and drop in and see me. When he died, he was at the Holland, living in the Holland Hotel. And he'd come downstairs to the Tulip Room in the Holland Cafe, have a drink or two. He met the newspaper men around there, you know, [?John Redden, Barney Harvey, Bob Barr?]. Several more of them would come in occasionally, and he got quite friendly with them. And it was right down his alley, you know, as far as meeting people like that, newspaper people. And they all liked him. [inaudible] _____

[00:07:03] JOSEPHINE:

Is it true that some of them got together and had a wake after he died? We never did, but Vincent and I started out to the grave twice, two years in a row, with a gallon of white port wine to pour on his grave. For the first year, we drank it all before we got there in the arboretum, and the second year we had a quart left, and we did leave it on his grave. And we were watched by the caretaker, and we had a great deal of difficulty, but we finally had enough [laughs] left to leave it. And we were very appalled at the neglect of the grave, and we didn't want to stay very long, but we did get at least a quart of white port wine for him. This is what he wanted.

[00:07:50] MARY:

Oh, Queen Anne, I was thinking it was up near Volunteer Park.

[00:07:54] JOSEPHINE:

I think he probably in his personal endeavors, he picked his loneliness and unhappiness and his imminent feeling of death more than anything else. And I think there's practically no letter that I have that doesn't, in some way or another, depict this horrible loneliness. There's some pretty choice paragraphs where he talks about his life in Seattle. You hear the whole thread of it. I think, in every one you get the impression of a terrifically lonely man, a man who feels he has may have very much time to live, and yet he wants so desperately to do something, to be a part and to contribute and to get back to his creativeness that he had a few years back. I was trying to find some choice—Barry, that letter I gave you, didn't you think that was fairly—

[00:08:59] BARRY:

That one... You had it here, but Skid Row was very typical.

[00:09:15] JOSEPHINE:

Well, during his last year, and I think probably the last few months of his life, I was greatly concerned about his health, and he complained all the time about darkness. I mean, about a feeling that he couldn't see very well, he couldn't, and his glasses were lost, and he couldn't get them replaced. And he complained about a stiffness in his hand, one whole side of his body was stiff and numb. And he had a great deal of difficulty in typing.

And he writes me a letter. This is shortly before he died. Unfortunately, he didn't date it, but he says, "Dear Josephine, I am alone in the office, and it is now two A.M." You can imagine being alone down there in that little office on the Skid Road. "The fingers of my right hand are getting stiff, but they always do in wintertime. Remember, this is the precious hand that was smashed by sadistic detectives in Klamath Falls, Oregon, in 1932, when they could not find any money on my body. Those guardians of the law were really robbers. I doubt if the new guardians of the law have a better morality, but I put one over on them, those servants of the people. I signed a check for \$120, which they took greedily. Probably must have kicked the air when the check returned marked 'no deposit here.' And of course they could not raise a howl, because then some good-spirited citizen would have discovered that something was wrong in Gilead.

"Ah, those young years, Josephine, they have all gone away. Now I have until morning, when the officers come in to sit on their fannies to write you a letter. There is no use sleeping or lying down, because sleep will not come. This is the terror of my life, insomnia. Last night I slept about ten minutes, and I was in a nice warm bed, but I usually utilize my insomnia for my advantage. I read or write, depending on the comfortableness of the place. The last night I read [Howard] Fast, *My Glorious Brothers*. Although I read it before, and it made me ashamed to remember that I told chauvinistic jokes about the descendants of these mournful people. But one book in so brief a night, and I used the read two until dawn, when the morning stars appeared in the east." That wasn't the real...

And then this is another excerpt. It describes—he rarely ever ate, and this is one of the problems that I think everyone who knew him and who was concerned about him had with him. "Having had a light lunch for once in many a day and with a few minutes to write, I thought of telling you about the last three terrible days that I did not see you and hear from you. I did not sleep a wink for two nights, now. To paralyze my mind with hard drinks is the only sleep to me. But I am fighting against liquor, and the result is two sleepless nights. I am thinking of taking sedatives, but I have no time to go to a doctor, yet. In case you have a couple, or in case you could give me a couple, this gratuity from you would suffice for the rest of the week." A man can't go on with some kind of sanity with three sleepless nights behind him."

This is written Sunday night. He says, "Dear Joey, I have been alone in the office since noon today. I returned to the office from the country, where we went riding this afternoon. We were riding when we came to a farmhouse with goats, so we decided to buy one and killed it at the place. Then I returned to the office very tired and laid down for an hour. Then I became very lonesome. I paced round and round, deciding to phone you. Now that I am writing this note, I feel very lonesome, indeed so lonesome that I don't know what to do the rest of the night. In Los Angeles, I had many friends that I could visit in moments like the present. I have a few friends here, but most of them are single men. On weekends, they are either standing on street corners or visiting in card rooms, and the few married ones are of course with their families or in their gardens planting things.

"Now, a couple of my single friends are contemplating marriage to solve their violent weekends, but perhaps they think marriage is a solution to their lonely days and nights. Our common predicament. Of course, there is no lack of women. I am beginning to realize now why most men marry, how terribly painful and lonesome it must be for men like me, those who live alone in hotels. I often see them at night playing pinball machines, drinking in taverns, walking aimlessly.

"Right now, I see two Pinoys standing on the street corner. They cross the street three times, then return to the corner where they are standing. Human companionship is essential to man. I have chosen to be single because of my improvidence. I know the responsibilities of a married man, though I often scoff at marriage. Now there is only one Pinoy on the street corner. He has his hands in his pocket. He is looking up and down the street, perhaps searching for company. He has a new summer suit, but he has no place to go.

"Somewhere in this world must be some sense of security, of peace, of home, of marriage, perhaps to ease away the heart's tension, the soul's mirroring loneliness. Could marriage be a satisfactory solution? I really don't know. I don't think of marriage just to have someone to sleep beside me. When Anne and I were together, we used to read almost all day. We used to discuss serious things, mostly literature." Then he goes on about their relationship.

Then he says, "I saw Joe." This is Joe—what's his name, Joe? I've forgotten. "I just saw Joe pass by alone, smoking his cigar, walking toward Chinatown, but for what purpose? To chit chat about [?no other things?] with some people. That I can't do. I would rather go to my room and read a good book, but even this paragraph is a name, a melody. The night is long, but longer are the days when the world is awake."

Then he says, "The loneliness is tightening and engulfing me. Where in this world is the so much talked about peace?" Then he says, Joe just passed by again going towards Skid Road, but with a friend this time. Ah, he found a friend. What shall I tell you tonight, Joey? At night, my heart is lonely. At night, my heart is empty. Of loneliness, of emptiness, my heart is full at night, but I love you."

But every letter, practically, is full of this terrific desire for some kind of conduct. And I think the most indicative thing about Carlos was a story that he told me one time, and I have never forgotten it, because I read recently a psychologist or psychiatrist who talked about the necessity for human contact. That is the actual feeling of contacting another person by feel. Carlos told me that, he said, "No one knows what it's like to be alone and to go week after week, month after month, without ever feeling another person." You don't realize it if you're close, if you have children, or if you have a husband or a wife. But he says that the world that he came to in this country, that you think that maybe you could just go up to someone on the street and take ahold of their hand and say "Hello, friend," and this would suffice, man or woman, completely a physical contact. But he says you can't do that. You can't particularly do it if you're a Filipino, of course.

But this need for just going up and saying, "Hi, brother, can we go and have a cup of coffee together? I'm lonely," is impossible, because people don't understand. It's a problem that you're faced with. And you don't realize, you know, when you come to think about it, that there is a time when you wonder why you can't approach anyone and say, "I'm lonesome, let's have a cup of coffee." And you see, if it's a woman, it's high pressure, or you know, if it's a man—

[00:17:19] BARRY:
[inaudible] _____

[00:17:20] JOSEPHINE:
Yeah. But this is a human necessity, and psychologists recognize it as a human necessity, as an absolute necessity for most rational human beings to be able to live and be rational in this world, this physical planet. And I think that touched me more than most, because he said this was one thing that used to bother him so much, that he couldn't go up and just say to a person, "Look, brother. I'm your friend. Let's go have a cup of coffee and talk. I'm lonely. Don't you recognize this terrific need of human companionship?" And I think there's not one single one of these letters that doesn't—

[00:17:58] MARY:
Yeah, I remember that about Carlos, because when you meet him someplace, he would reach out and touch your hand quite often. I remember you told me once when he was sick, he liked to go to sleep with somebody near him holding his hand.

[00:18:16] JOSEPHINE:

Yeah. He used to sit up practically all night. He says—this is a Saturday night. "The darkness outside is calling me. Perhaps I will go down soon and wander around for a while. The rain is falling, too, but rains are very cleansing these days, when there are many disheartening things in one's heart."

[00:18:50] BARRY:

During the time I met Carlos was a particularly lonely period for myself. Consequently, I spent a lot of time with Carlos when I felt about like he did, and that was part of the bond between us. We used to sit maybe at Red's bar or some other bar. Usually he'd get to a point where he couldn't express himself, and he'd usually grab a pen and a piece of paper from somewhere and write a poem.

[00:19:28] RED:

Write something.

[00:19:29] BARRY:

Yeah. And that happened invariably. And sometimes it'd take him quite a while. I mean, he'd be involved in this. He often wrote at a bar. He often went by himself and just sit in the bar, just to be where people were. Without talking to anybody, sit there near them by the hall.

[00:19:50] RED:

Get one of those scratch pads. I used to give him a scratch pad, and he'd just sit and write.

[00:20:02] BARRY:

And during some of these times while he was writing and I was with him, I got in the habit. I started to write a little poetry myself.

[00:20:11] RED:

Yeah, I think I have some of yours, if I'm not mistaken.

[00:20:18] BARRY:

Then he used to fall in love with that cocktail waiter after he got a [?P. Phelps?].

[00:20:23] JOSEPHINE:

[laughs] Oh, well. This is the letter—

[00:20:27] BARRY:

They're not [?right?] anymore, [inaudible] ____.

[00:20:30] JOSEPHINE:

Carlos wrote me after I suggested that he write the [Jose] Rizal play or something on Rizal. He says, "Thank you from the very depth of my heart for suggesting that I write the Rizal play for the people's theatre here. I had been very foolish for thinking that I could write on another theme. Rizal is my theme, my life, my passion, so I really must thank you for suggesting it. Two days after your suggestion, I pondered on the subject with all of the intelligence I possess, and it came to me that you were absolutely right. Your divination is so perfect, it is almost impossible for me to pass to you my happiness." And that isn't what I wanted to read.

But he says, "My dear, I need a cabin somewhere for a year and be alone. I just received a letter from Harcourt Brace and Company asking me to write a novel and a continuation of my autobiography. My God, there is something sterile in Seattle, something that obviates creativity. You alone have given me a little humanity." He said it was raining outside, so he's talking about the rain.

"You asked me some days ago to speak about writing, especially poetry. It is impossible, my dear. Writing is a difficult thing; speaking about it, another. I did not come to the world to sell something, I came to give something free. But when I am gone, let them explain it. There is a 'sacred grove' that is difficult to explain to anyone." The sacred grove is in quote. "Am I talking double talk? No."

I had asked him to speak at the school with the kids. "So invite me sometime when the atmosphere is congenial to my feelings and mind. Then, of course, I can assure you that you can have something to remember me by for a long time. What a difficult thing it is to be of my race and class in your country. I had to study many things about your country and people before I chose the road that I eventually followed, and still am following. There are some people here afraid of me. Why do they show some signs of inferiority?" I think it is very revealing. He always considered the people who were afraid of him were very inferior people, and how true. "I am just a guy by accident, which I will never reveal a writer. Why? I have nothing, they have everything. But of course, I have a ferocious and flower-like mind, and my heart smells the meadows and flowers."

Oh, this is a revealing letter, too. He said, "Perhaps now I'm sure you understand why I'm writing in this mood." It was a very dark, dull, unhappy mood. "There is a short sentence you said to me one evening when we were having a glass of beer near the Washington Hall that has been haunting me. Even when I seem to be smiling, it is always at the edge of my mind. You said, 'You are lost.' You did not know that to me, it is a terrifying sentence, a sentence that could completely wreck a man's life, or put vengeance in his heart if he is a bitterly lost man.

"Once, when I was much younger, and I was beginning to write stories for mail magazines, I wrote a piece entitled "Everything Is Lost." The theme came from many sad experiences in my youth, when I first arrived in this country. But a young man can't wholly lose his grip on life. Besides, I had not yet cultivated a devastating, diabolical, demonic taste for the bottle. Now, a man of my age, in mitigating circumstances surrounding my life, could wholly lose himself. And quite naturally, all former illusions would be lost, too, and reality would be lost, too. And I don't like to be lost, no matter what happens on this day and all the days to come.

"Now you know the significance of your three words. Perhaps a power is a better term. The sky outside is dark and a slight rain is falling. Soon the leaves of your trees will fall to the earth upon which we all fall, and winter will follow the fallen leaves. And all the cool days and nights will fall upon the world to terrify our hearts, to make us yearn for the freshness of spring. In the wintertime, our heart is terrified but unbowed. So, when winter comes, spread your warmth upon the world for me, because somewhere I will surely need some comforting against the cold of nature and the cold of humans. In the wintertime, hum that [?running?] melody that you used to hum when I first moved.

Carlos' last years in Seattle were really very grim, and he felt that, too. He used to complain bitterly about the isolation and about the doors that were closed to him. And many, many times, there was no place for him to go. I mean, actually, no place, except to his fellow countrymen, where I mean, like Chris and like some of the people would befriend him. But what he needed was intellectual companionship, someone who would accept him for what he was, not set up any moral eyes or reject him. And I know that place after place, I took him to my very best friends. The doors were closed. I mean, people who should have understood, who were sensitive people and should have understood his need for companionship and his need for help, they—and now, I don't know the basis of it. I think a lot of it had to do with the fact that he was a Filipino, and secondly, that he was an alcoholic, but I think basically it was that he was a Filipino. That they did not understand, did not want to understand, did not know, did not want to be involved. They were fearful of any involvement with him.

He said that Seattle is the most unfriendly city, and after Los Angeles, I think the planet was a little harsh for him, because he used to wander around in the rain and walk nights alone on the streets. And I don't know, perhaps Barry could...

[00:26:57] BARRY:

Well his being lonely, the basic reasons for that, as far as the union, for example, was concerned, was that in the first place he was very definitely allied with [?elect?]. And in the union, the two most progressive and the longest time leaders of the cannery workers who were still in Seattle was Ernie Mangaoang and Chris Mensalvas. And Ernie, apparently, really hated Carlos' guts, probably because he didn't like Chris, so he was in the middle among people who should have been his great fighter, which he didn't understand.

[00:27:48] JOSEPHINE:

Well, for one thing, his countrymen here did not understand him and did not appreciate his writings, did not want to be associated with him. In many, many cases, they just couldn't understand Carlos, and this always hurt him very much.

[00:28:10] BARRY:

Well, some did.

[00:28:12] JOSEPHINE:

Some did. That's true.

[00:28:15] BARRY:

But you know, there were powerful people that should have been supporting him, were calling him names. Running them down was pretty hard to take. And that was true from that time he arrived here and help precipitated this. And his excessive drinking, one drink. Not that he hadn't been drinking all his life, but numerous periods of his life he showed, even in Seattle, when he got out the yearbook, he showed that he was capable of doing constructive work without drinking successfully, too much to do the work.

[00:29:11] JOSEPHINE:

Well, here is something that he says about the McCarthy period, and I think it's indicative of his whole attitude toward the McCarthy period. He said, "The imperialists are not kidding, they mean business, and the business is war and loot. And the labor unions, unions like the ILWU, don't kneel to the money trust, and that is why they are at present the target of destruction. The first move is to jail the officers and trust the leaders of these bold unions, and that is just what is going on in the land. Ben Gold, Hugh Bryson, Jack Hall, and Harry Bridges, of course, who have been the victims of a merciless attack for twenty years. And even our people, the Filipinos, are victims of a concerted effort by the merchants of death and Wall Street to terrify, brutify, stupefy the American people in a state of engulfing hysteria, that there is what they call communists in every street corner in this peaceful, rich, beautiful, adopted land of mine.

"Do you think my heart is not sad and angry about these things? Angrier than you think, because I know what these monsters have done to me. What they have done to me can never, never be healed, and I can't forget it. Only when they pierce my mind with their burning iron forks, but then when that time comes, I shall tell my heart to die and my soul to take flight, so that when they touch me, I shall already be dead. Yes, I shall deny them to corrupt my heart, my mind, and my soul. Yes, they corrupted my body, but that is all. I am onto their game. Now I know where I stand in this unhappy, glorious world. A world with a bright future, a world that becomes a paradise, because there are millions of people who are working and fighting that it should be a world of paradise and peace. I know.

"And so this is my message to you today, but this is not all. I long to see your green trees." He loved the trees in the [?den?], that was a lot of the letters are devoted to the trees and flowers in the park and the lake.

[00:31:17] MARY:

Probably the happiest time he had in those last few years were in the bar then, when he went down in the evenings and he was drinking with his friends.

[00:31:26] RED:

Yeah, that's right.

[00:31:33] JOSEPHINE:

But he used to call me incessantly from the bars. Call and call and call and call, sometimes until two and three o'clock in the morning from somewhere, I don't know where he was calling. I used to worry about him.

[00:31:54] BARRY:

He used to drink quite a bit. Double header.

[00:32:18] JOSEPHINE:

But he couldn't drink very much.

[00:32:18] RED:

He often didn't have enough money to drink too much. He didn't have enough money to drink that much.

[00:32:21] JOSEPHINE:

Yeah, I always tried to...I'd say that he had the worst time, I think, of all that he had terrifying dreams. I used to sit up all night, and he would be on the [?dam?], and I used to stay up all night holding his hand. And as soon as I would move—I would think he was asleep. As soon as I was trying to withdraw my hand, so I get some rest, he would just clutch, and he just clutched my hand. And he could only sleep when someone was holding to him. And I think that this was the adjustment. And I know, I talked to other people who've come out of [?this?], and particularly for Carlos, it was difficult because Marjorie [Patton Bulosan] was gone. There was no one except that cold, gloomy place at Ponce's [Torres], and no income, and no friends. Practically no friends. The very few that he had were busy and could not devote the time that they should have been able to devote to him.

And here's a letter he writes about this period. "I have so much to say today, but my hands are trembling from last night's bout with the grapes. My head is full of ideas. My heart is in the right place. My fingers can hardly get the keys. I need a bottle of beer to put my hands in shape, but that too is denied. The House of Morgan is broke. I'm looking out the window now, hoping you will fall and treat me to a bottle of beer. I have not yet finished the Rizal play." Now, this is a little later, I'm sorry. "However, I hope to finish it by the end of next week. It turned out that I have many things to say, and it is useless to end the work abruptly. The meaning of Rizal is pregnant with history. Then I will go on with the Heart of Darkness, with Seattle as a setting about living people. It will have to be disguised in order to avoid complications. I feel terrible, really. The red rose of thought is noblest inside my heart, but my head is swimming. I seem to be floating in space, and time does not exist. Here I am, planted on this lovable earth, yet I seem far away in space."

There was one thing about Carlos that I thought was very interesting and that antagonized many, many people, and it was Carlos' way of shocking people into some sort of an awareness. And he would say and do the most scandalous things, because there was nothing more horrifying to him than this apathy, you know, complete intellectual, emotional apathy. He would rather have people hating violently and express themselves openly than

this undercover type of prejudice and rejection. And he always wanted to bring things to a head, and particularly when he was drinking.

And I think the most marked thing about his approach was that there were very few white males that Carlos respected or had any use for. And he was very sensitive to this relationship, because mostly among the Filipino nationals in this country, women were noted for their protection. I mean, they were more sympathetic, they fought for them, they put up with more, particularly if they were married to a Filipino, they went through hell. And women were more sympathetic, and in every relationship, I don't know how you can attribute it quite particularly, but the women were more protective and more understanding, and had more patience with these things.

So Carlos was deliberately provocative to a lot of people that I took him to see. I know that he respected and liked my husband very much, that he took care of him a lot and defended him, and put up some real fights. And we had some real, real battles with people on this question. But Carlos would sometimes not show his prejudice, except when he was drunk. And then all of a sudden he would lash out and call someone a white boy, you know. I remember the time that we had Bill coming down [to] the house, and you know, Bill is an artist and interested in poetry and art, a very literate person, and was very interested in Carlos. And they wanted to discuss literature and poetry and art, and Carlos got drunker and drunker, and the more he looked at Bill, the more antagonistic he became. So he picked up this huge volume of poetry, poetic erotica that I had and threw it at Bill, without any provocation—they were getting along fine—and broke Bill's false teeth. [laughs] All of a sudden we were sitting very calmly around the table, and I could see this light in Carlos' eye. He just had to do something because things were going too well, so he picked up this huge book. [laughs]

And then after that, he understood him. That's the first time Bill understood him. Bill had rejected him and didn't like him, and all of a sudden Bill became sensitive and understood. And he said, "Aha, a man after my own heart." [laughs] Bill uses this shocking system of making people respond by saying the most horrifying, shocking things to get a response. Nobody believes him, but he'll make an outrageous statement just to see, well, are you going to accept it, or aren't you? And if you accept it, say yes, yes, then he hates you to your dying day, because he doesn't agree. He wants people to think, and Carlos had this approach to other people. If they didn't combat ideas and didn't think and didn't want to discuss and didn't put up a fight, then he had no use for them. And that was a very interesting evening, all told. Very heartbreaking. [laughs]

[00:38:05] BARRY:

I'd been with Carlos many times when he showed that. One I remember, [coughs] Vince Cabebe and Carlos went with me up to Monroe Penitentiary, and we went to see a client. We stopped at Everett. We went to the best hotel and was in the main restaurant there. And the three of us were eating. Some guy came over and sat down with us. Maybe it was a manager. Maybe he was a little perturbed at Filipinos being in this fancy restaurant, I don't know, and he sat down and started telling us how he didn't believe in discriminating, and then he went on to make chauvinistic remarks of a minor nature, but telling him how much he liked them and one thing or another. Vince, of course, was telling this guy that Carlos was a famous writer, so the guy got quite friendly, and Carlos—we were having something to drink, and Carlos, he finally really told the guy off.

[00:39:19] JOSEPHINE:

I know that was his approach. He couldn't—one thing he couldn't stand was hypocrisy and a servile attitude of people. He instantly reacted to it. He was very sensitive to it. He knew exactly what they were thinking and what they were feeling, regardless of how they acted outwardly toward him. And all of a sudden, in a seemingly nice relationship, when we would have the people at the house, he would blow up and say something real outrageous. And I understood it, and I knew why he did it, but it was a good excuse for the people who were

prejudiced to completely say, "Yeah, see, that's the kind of guy around. How do you protect something like this? He's no damn good."

But what he was doing in his own sensitive way was testing and testing and testing. And people usually don't have the patience and the understanding to realize that someone like that has no other criterion for judging people, except how they react under stress and strain. How much will you take? You know, you will take this from someone else, but not from me. I have as many of the more problems, and I wonder how you react. Because so many times—I won't recite the cases and the incidents—so many times I've taken him to places when he was drunk that I wanted to get him to real quick before I could get him home on the bus because I was afraid he'd pass out. You know, knock on doors of places and say, "Look, can't we just stay here for a minute, because I've got to take him somewhere? I didn't have taxi fare." And "No, what are you doing, Jo? I mean, why are you wasting your time on something like this? You're just destroying yourself, you're wasting your time. He's an alcoholic, he's an old good bum, he's this and that, and he's an FBI agent," and all this sort of stuff. And bang, the door would close. My friends, you know. And I think it was deeper than just Carlos, it was a—oh, I don't know how to express it, but I think it was a whole concept of a woman has a certain place, you know. A married woman can do this and that, but they can't do this, you see. And therefore, if you're a friend of his, then you must be no damn good. Therefore, you must conform to, you know. Very difficult to explain. You shouldn't pay for [inaudible] _____.

[00:41:56] MARY:

You say that a lot of your friends rejected Carlos, but the children of your friends, he got along quite well with them, didn't he?

[00:42:04] JOSEPHINE:

Oh, yes, they loved him. He had a way of approaching children that he never approached them as an adult or pushed himself. He always looked at them and accepted them, and within a very short time they were circling around him and trying to climb on him and looking at him and examining him. He knew that children wanted to be left alone, and this was his whole approach. He wanted to understand children on the basis of them accepting him without him going out of his way.

And that night that I had the two little [?Cunningham?] girls there all night, very rigorous night, and I had slept in. And he was non-sleeper, and he stayed awake all night. And I got up as he was cooking breakfast for my two boys and the two little girls, and they were about two and four, and he had just knocked himself out cooking an egg omelet. And he had put green peppers, garlic, hot peppers, jalapeños, every imaginable thing in these omelets, which would have been, you know, very delicious for people who had cultivated a taste for hot foods. But for two little girls who had never eaten any hot peppers in their life, he had served them up this big omelet. And they were sitting there wide-eyed with their little heads over their plate, looking at him, and he was beaming at them with his little grin, wondering why they weren't eating the eggs that he had cooked. And he made a comment on them, he said, "What strange little girls." He said, "Don't they eat breakfast?" [laughs] I took one taste of the egg, [laughs] and it was very good. And here were these little blonde blue-eyed girls looking at him wide-eyed. But later on, he took them for a walk, and they played with the cat and the dog, and they had quite a time. But he never could understand why they rejected his very carefully prepared super omelet. [laughs]

[00:44:09] BARRY:

He was a good cook.

[00:44:09] JOSEPHINE:

Oh, excellent cook, he was an absolutely fantastic cook. He'd come to my house, and I would say, "Sorry, Carlos, there's nothing to eat in the refrigerators. There's no money in the house." "What do you mean there's nothing to eat?" And he actually would cook up the most fabulous meals out of practically nothing, things that I wouldn't even consider, and they would be so good, you know. And the kids got so that they just loved to have him prepare meals, although most of them were highly seasoned, but they developed the real taste. And he'd go down and would get chicken necks and backs in the market, and he'd cook up the most fabulous soup. And he'd go in the yard and pick little greens and things and put in it, and ferns, and all kinds of odds and ends.

And one morning we got up, and we were kind of tired, it was a Sunday morning, and we had a late party. And he couldn't find the garlic. He decided to prepare breakfast for everyone, and of course he had had garlic in his egg omelet. So I had a lot of dahlia bulbs—not dahlia bulbs, but narcissus bulbs that I was getting ready to plant, and I had them in a little paper sack on the side in the kitchen serving place. And I had just bought them the night before, and I thought, well, now I'll leave them here, and I'll plant them in the morning. So, after the breakfast was over, I got ready to plant my narcissus bulbs, and there were no narcissus bulbs. And I said to Carlos, "What did you use in the eggs this morning?" "Oh," he said, "I found some garlic." I said, "I'm sorry, I don't have any garlic." "Oh, yes," he said. "There was a whole sack of garlic, and this was [laughs] very tasty." I found out later that narcissus bulbs are highly poisonous, but anyway, he had sliced them, and they were very crunchy, like water chestnuts. And he had served narcissus bulbs in place of garlic.

And then I had two Mexican jumping beans that I was very fond of, and I had named them, and we watched them every day, you know, for months. And [laughs] I had them in a little dish on the windowsill. And I got up one week later than this, and one of my Mexican jumping beans was gone. And I accused Carlos jokingly. I said, "Did you put the Mexican jumping bean in the omelet after this final experience with the narcissus bulb?" And he laughed in his most whimsical way, and he said, "Oh no," he said, "It just jumped." [laughs] The jumping beans literally jumped into the omelet. It led us to believe that they probably jumped into the omelet, but anyway...I never did find the Mexican jumping bean.

[00:46:43] BARRY:

A salad, he used to make [?it at Patsy's?] quite often, jungle salad. He'd go out in the backyard and crawl around, hunting for the right pieces of grass.

[00:46:56] JOSEPHINE:

Oh yeah, fabulous salad. He was a wonderful cook. And he could cook faster in the kitchen than anyone I had ever seen or meet here. You know, he could just slice and chop and get everything together and cook up a meal out of practically nothing that was absolutely superb. Turn off the tape.

[00:47:21] BARRY:

They're getting mad at me, [?telling me off?]. [inaudible] _____ but maybe you didn't hear it.

[00:47:22] JOSEPHINE:

Oh, I've seen him in a rage, a real rage.

[00:47:31] BARRY:

Not many times, I think every time.

[00:47:32] RED:

We're down there.

[00:47:33] BARRY:

Well, I've seen him do it to everybody.

[00:47:35] JOSEPHINE:

Oh, I've seen him just cut down people, [inaudible] _____ and white boys.

[00:47:38] BARRY:

It was you?

[00:47:39] RED:

No, never it was me.

[00:47:39] BARRY:

No, I didn't think so.

[00:47:41] JOSEPHINE:

Well, there were certain people that he knew right away that weren't going to hurt him. And it was sort of a sixth sense, I think, because people, you know, I found out a lot from Carlos. A lot of people that I respected very much, I tested them in relationship to my relationship to Carlos. And I found them wanting, and I had nothing to do with the method. I can't stand anyone that—because he had, as I said, a sixth sense about people, and you know it's a funny thing. You think of people in certain terms until they come up against a certain situation, and they flub it, you know. They show, in other words, their prejudice shows, and it creeps through. And he knew that, and he wanted to detect people. And I think he had a sort of a sense about who was going to help him and defend him and who wasn't, and who, in the last analysis, was going to be an S.O.B. And as far as I'm concerned, he never missed. He never missed on that question. He practically always knew, you know, that—

[00:48:54] BARRY:

That led to a certain point, and then he...

[00:48:59] JOSEPHINE:

They just didn't, they just weren't going to come through in the last—it's not only true with—God, that's true with, you know, a lot of people. You think you have a friend until you need them, and then the relationships, human relationships, are so oftentimes opportunistic. And after the bitter experiences he had, in particular the bitter experience he had with being accepted by everyone. And all the literary people and all the wealthy people who dined him and wined him and who took him into their homes during the period when he was popular, and then who closed their doors when he became broken and blacklisted, he had a real reason to test people and become bitter about it. Because it was a nice thing and a popular thing, all of a sudden, to have a Filipino in your home during the war because of the brave resistance of the Philippine guerillas and all that sort of thing, and the fact that he was a writer and was accepted. And suddenly when the tank [coughs] became obvious and he was blacklisted, the doors closed.

[00:50:11] BARRY:

In order to understand his last [inaudible] _____ and know the chaotic situation in the cannery workers, too.

[00:50:17] JOSEPHINE:

Oh, yes, you have to know that.

[00:50:20] BARRY:

When he first was up here, of course—what year would that be? About forty-eight?

[00:50:22] JOSEPHINE:

Yeah.

[00:50:22] BARRY:

When they arrested all the guys—

[00:50:30] JOSEPHINE:

Yeah, they arrested Ernie.

[00:50:32] BARRY:

...And began the deportation case, and all of that. Well, that was more or less of a high point.

[00:50:37] JOSEPHINE:

Yeah.

[00:50:37] BARRY:

And Carlos went back, but the union was doing something then.

[00:50:40] JOSEPHINE:

Yeah.

[00:50:41] BARRY:

And they had lost to the previous guys that were more or less racketeers. They had a big picket line for Ernie down at the immigration and so forth.

[00:50:57] RED:

Ernie was [inaudible] ____.

[00:51:01] BARRY:

Then with that period, the reaction really set in. And when he came back to Seattle a year and a half or a couple years later, meanwhile—